

# p zine

ISSUE 13: VOL2

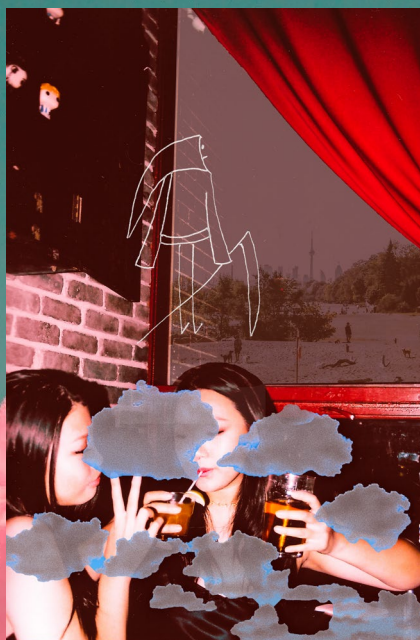


DREAMS

# ISSUE 13: DREAMS VOLUME 2

"For those facing **nightmares** every day."

SLEEP PARALYSIS - ADAM IBRAHIM



COVER

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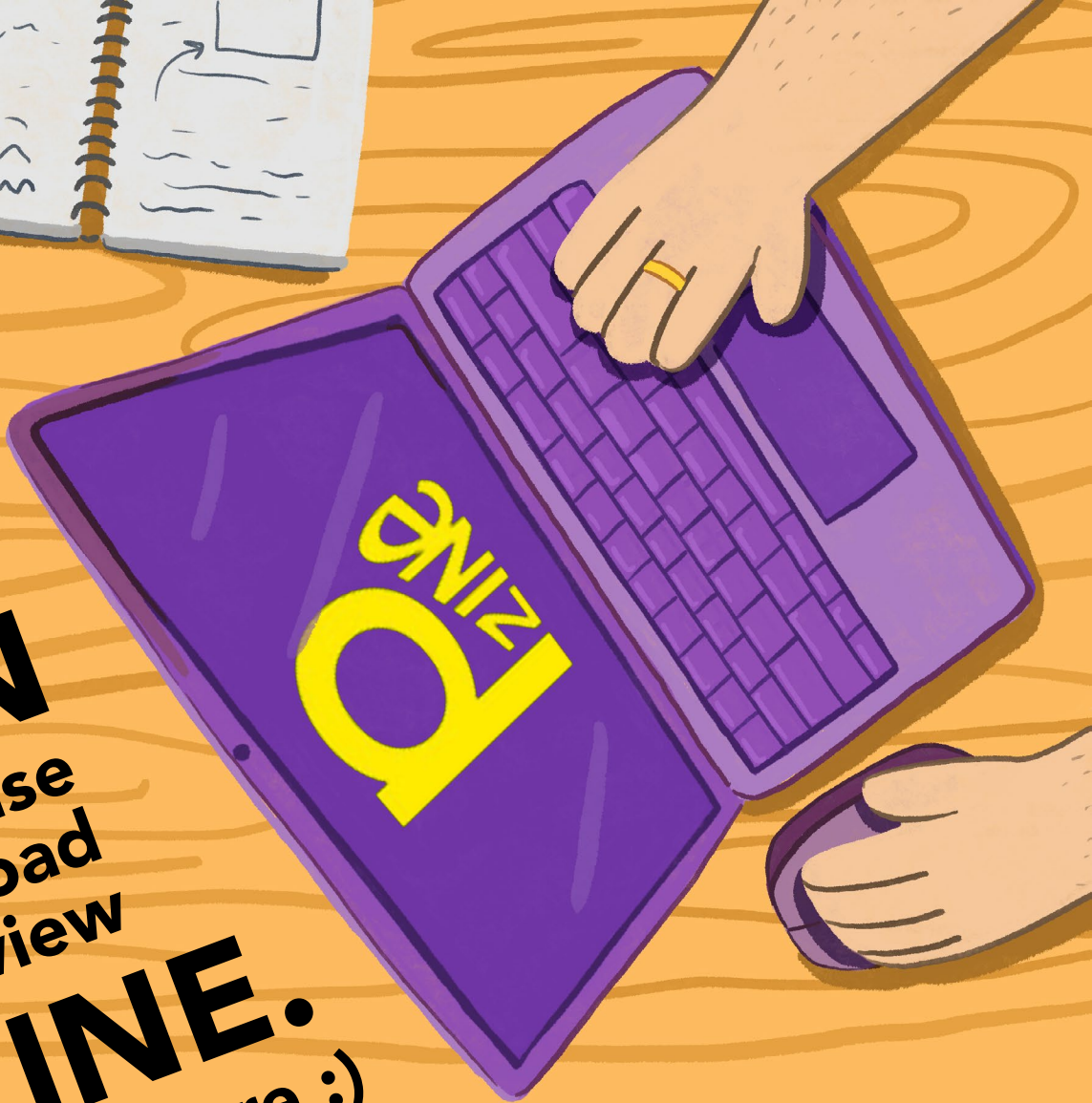
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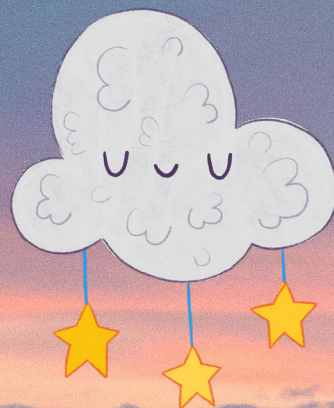
**ER TODAY  
TOMORROW  
FOREVER**

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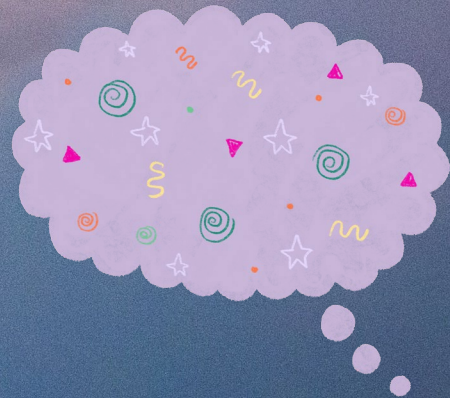
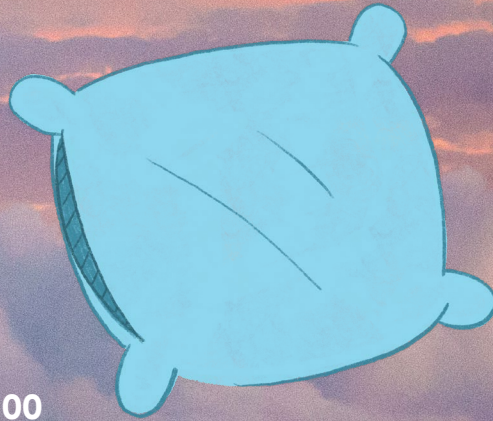
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# POSTSCRIPTS

## 2:27-10:15 **VISUAL ART**

Matt De Melo, @mellow.jpeg

## 11:58-19:13 **MUSIC/VIDEO**

Mia Paden, @miamakesmovies

## 20:45-28:05 **WRITING**

Caleb Staples, @Caleb\_Stap

## 29:16-36:03 **PHOTOGRAPHY**

Daisy Riley, @weak\_wrists\_r\_us



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FOUR SEASONS  
ELIZABETHADAN.COM

I had a dream last night that I took a picture of my childhood home's backyard chopped up and progressed into a subdivision. The resulting picture was a grisly, decrepit section of fence that I obviously can't reveal to you in waking life. The formerly one-acre backyard had been transformed from trees, natural grass and rolling hills into boxed-off, small sections of land each belonging to a series of houses that all looked nearly identical.

In fact, upon writing this, I now know that the development of my family's old land from a 90+ year old home sitting at the crest of New Brunswick wilderness into a bland, boring subdivision was a direct representation of how it felt moving to the GTA of Ontario. New Brunswick was and will always be an instrumental part of shaping my being, my respect for nature, and my appreciation for the role long-time friends have in my life.

# HARVEY HOUSE

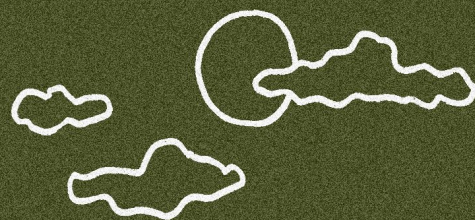
The small village of Harvey Station, New Brunswick is as much connected to me now as it was then. I remember every shop, and every house. I remember every cubic foot of the yard I used to romp on. I love New Brunswick. And so I remember it.

I remember how it felt to graze my knees on the backyard floor that was as much pine needles as it was grass-bed. I remember how everyone said hello as they passed you. I remember how you could see the elementary school through a clearing at the top of the other side of Harvey hill. I especially remember the true enjoyment that this small village brought me through the entirety of my pre-teens.

My dream last night was a searing reminder of how it felt having to give up trees for fences, lakes for industrial pools, fruit picked from my own backyard for fruit picked in the States. It was single-handedly the toughest move, and one of the toughest adjustment periods of my life.

The thing is, if we keep cookie-cutting houses and desecrating natural land for new-comers, the connection to the Earth and each other that rural living provides us with will be lost. We will rob our children of the opportunity to grow up closer to the foundation of what makes us human. And that simply can't happen.





# Kurosawa's Dream

It's late summer,  
Full moon breaks through  
My blinds, I feel the night

I watch Kurosawa's Dreams.  
As he steps from painting  
To painting; I wish I could

Travel between films,  
In much the same way.  
Experience empty halls  
And theatres grand

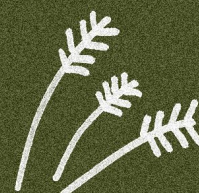
Wheat fields and crows,  
As the harvest comes in  
With the evening sun

Broken houses and put -  
together homes with fathers  
And mothers to reap the fields  
Drifting between the pastures  
Of these antiquated pictures  
Dancing with the breeze.

Kurosawa leaves the painting,  
Sits on a bench,  
Stares at it instead.

I ask him, "Why?"  
He looks at me and smiles.  
"Dreams are brief, as are you"

So I sit beside him  
And stare.



I was thinking about the most important values in my life. I ended up doing something very whimsy & showed my inner child with this crayon tool from Procreate.



[TWITTER.COM/THEANIMEDREAMER](https://twitter.com/theanimedreamer)



I don't see a lot of dreams,  
and when I see one, it's really,  
really weird stuff. So I like to  
think there is someone who  
creates our dreams and when  
it comes to mine, they have  
the time of their life.

# Flight Dream



## Castle in the air

Do you remember our castle?  
Oh, how I wish to go back to that day  
The wind  
Our childhood  
Our dreams  
Those were the days  
When our future was whatever we  
    wanted it to be  
I could use our castle today  
Get in it and fly away  
Fly to how everything should have been  
Fly to you and me  
Conquer the skies together  
Become warriors without wars  
Skilled fighters without hands or  
    weapons  
And maybe  
Never grow up  
Cry over scratched knees  
Instead of scratched dreams  
Live with light hearts  
There's still time  
Take my hand and let's build our castle  
There's no time machine  
But there's you and me

We'll build it right here in the middle of  
    the city

Take up to the sky and be free again  
Be whole again  
Be us in our castle in the air  
Forever

# *a guide to sweet dreamin*

for makella who's tryna fix her sleeping pattern atm.

here are some lovely poems and songs to think about/keep ur mind occupied and hopefully help u fall into dream world. this is a week-long guide. pls practice the following steps over the course of seven days and i guarantee u will be snoozing soundly in no time.

step 1: here are the basics. in order to put ur mind in rest mode. u gotta do a little routine. this usually includes things like putting ur electronics away an hour or two before bedtime. but obviously, that can be difficult so maybe start with limiting the number u have access to. if u want to hold on to ur phone, turn off the tv, put ur laptop away! u can't have both bedtime scrolling and bedtime netflix. u will never get to sleep that way. so yes, choose one. make sure the one u choose is on night mode...no notifications, brightness down. perfect. this is when u can watch a little video or play a little love song. a love song can often be the same as a positive affirmation to whisper along to urself, and sometimes a positive affirmation to whisper along to urself can sound just like joni mitchell saying "i wanna knit you a sweater, i wanna write you a love letter, i wanna make you feel better, i wanna make you feel free"



*"here are  
some love-  
ly poems  
and songs  
to think  
about..."*

just like joni mitchell saying "i wanna knit you a sweater, i wanna write you a love letter, i wanna make you feel better, i wanna make you feel free"

step 2: writing time. sounds like a chore but it doesn't have to be! get a pen and paper (or open the notes app if u still have ur phone) u have two options here depending on what side of ur brain u feel like using.

2a: write down everything you've done today, big and little. e.g opened new savings account, pet dog etc. write down top three things to do tomorrow. don't put too much pressure on urself though. lay out ur intentions like you are paving a path of ease for the future. say "i am going to be open and present with my friend over dinner", "i am going to walk the scenic route otw to work tomorrow".

2b: if u don't like lists, write a lil rambling. a poem that no one will see, a letter to someone u saw on the bus, a sentence that's ninety words long. anything! any structure! as long as it is easy. remember when anne rice said, "don't bend; don't water it down; don't try to make it logical; don't edit your own soul according to the fashion". this is what she meant. consider this ur brain doing a huge exhale. this brain exhale is essential for sound sleeping.

step 3: get a lil tea. green is a classic. i like peppermint. camomile is nice too i've heard. maybe do a berry tea if u are feeling fancy. something new. if u have a tea shop near u. go in during the day and pick out tonight's tea. try something new. u will be buzzing all day thinking about ur new tea for later. u know when robot bjork said "you'll be given love, you'll be taken care of. maybe not from the sources you've poured yours. maybe not from the direction you are staring at. twist your head around. it's all around you"? when the night is chilly, ur bed is cozy, and ur tea is perfectly steeped then you will know what she meant.

step 4: this is where u fall asleep. all ur worries are gone with the wind. dissolved by ur tea. tucked away in a notebook. ur left with good feelings. like when mary oliver said "you only have to let the soft animal of your body love what it loves" - this is what she meant. wrap urself up gentle like a little baby or an egg. u will start to feel it after a couple of minutes. close ur eyes and be warm. u don't have to be anything or be anywhere.



# *LLD (our dreams have angels)*

Sorrow tumbled

Tears roll down my face

But I know he's in a higher place

I set my blessings to above the sky

And I say to my fallen friend, why

I place my heart over that chip

I place my start on that trip

I treated demons like demons to begin...to understand how well

But I'm in 4 corners I couldn't find which corner to tell

I made raindrops seem like showers

I held my voice, while I cried inside for hours

I placed my hands above the sky to hear a prayer

Then I open up my eyes and I don't want to  
more

You call em war babies, I call them ghettho  
call them redeemed, you call them helping  
saved

And with whose path held them to be waived

Who pressed their wings to the ground to be  
graved

Who led my now guardians angels to this earth  
not paved

We are all we got

I don't want everyone losing their angels

Love yourself

Hello my name is Noah Humphrey, and I utilize my work in poetry as metaphorical elements to tell my experiences, and the many lessons learned in South Central. Poetry is my second voice - I'll keep moving forward and use my story to bring new ideas and chip at ignorance little by little.

els)

see any

angels, I  
, I call them

ed

be en-

arly hope,

y story, my  
ving for-



7ATERIA.COM





# FRIJKE COUMANS





Life is about abandoning hopes and dreams

it is a mistake to believe that

the most childish wishes will come true one day

Ambition can get you anywhere you want to go

that is a lie

"You have to throw away impossible goals, and accept reality"

Those toughened by the world will tell you

Be everything you want to be

Express yourself

Seek fame, fortune, and love

Thoughts like these will only limit you

You cannot save a life

You cannot change the world

You cannot be special

You cannot be who you want to be

Happiness will come

but

Life will take everything away

No matter how much you think otherwise

(Now read it from the bottom up)

[facebook.com/collagetheworld](https://facebook.com/collagetheworld)



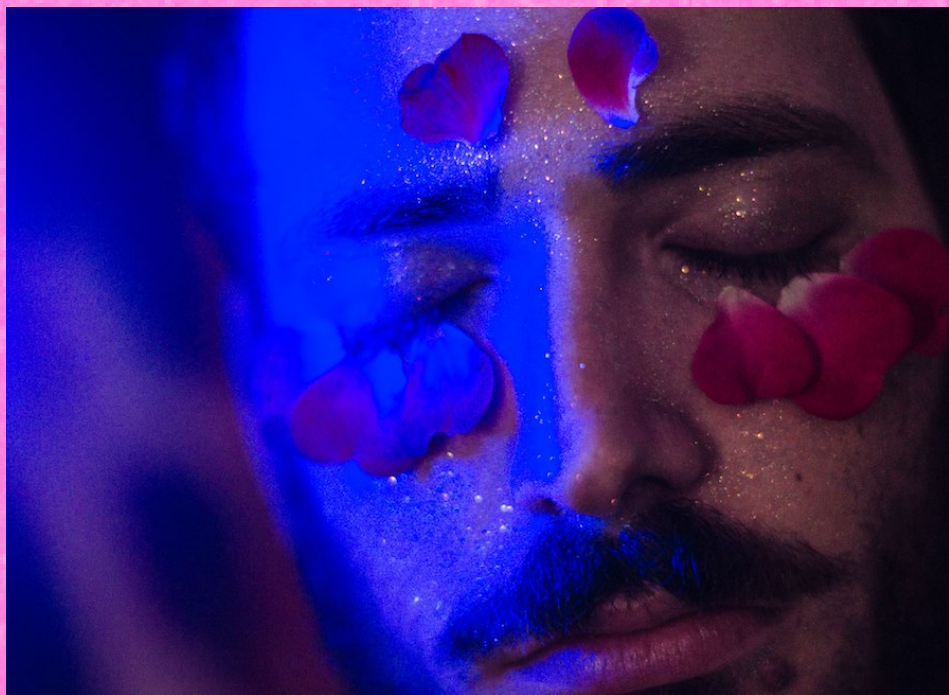
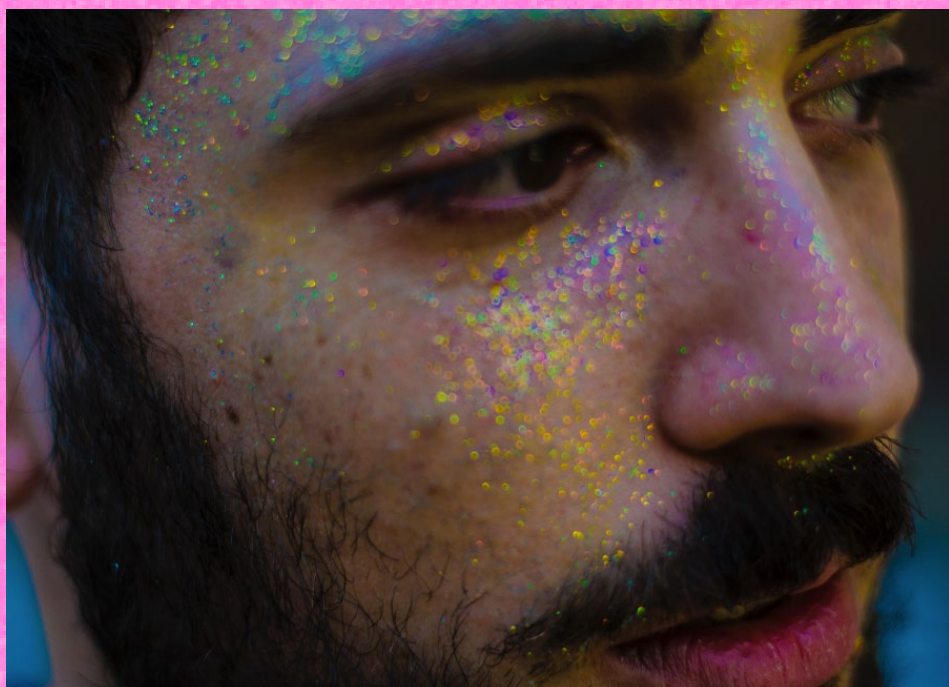
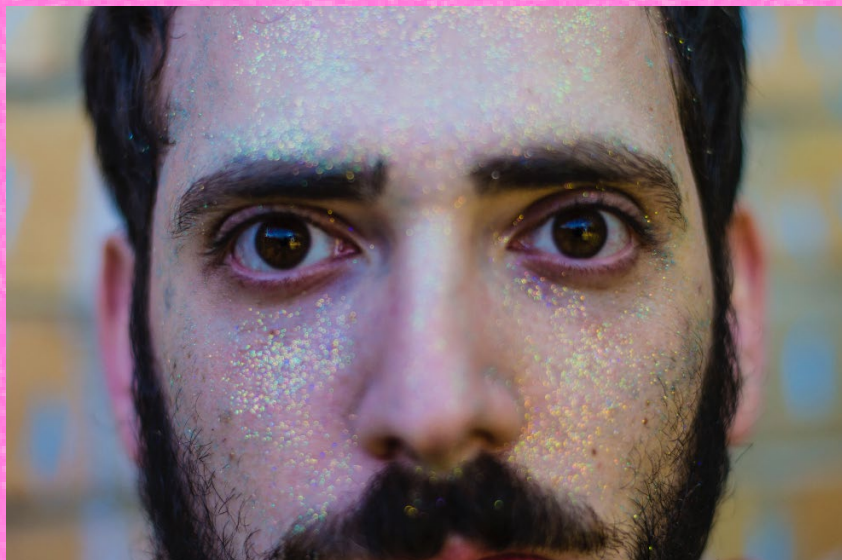
Handmade Collage. Whales and birds have similar facial structures..



# LIVING FOR THE DREAM

Photo Series taken on February  
of 2016.

Model and Musician: Yon Rotem  
[@plotztheband](#)











# KIN

## SHARING LIGHT

KIN are Grace, Ritu and Adam. This female-led, London-based trio writes atmospheric indie pop, blending electronic keys and catchy guitar riffs to produce a sound that is unique, dynamic, and constantly evolving.

"Sharing Light", their debut single, is an atmospheric pop song with a dream-like quality and a theme full of nostalgia. Written on the banks of the River Avon, with the summer light shining off the water, the song is about being present in a moment whilst knowing it won't last and having an awareness of the nature around us to help alter and reflect our connections to another. A dream state of being - which is only temporary.

Produced by Nicholas Alexander (Minimal Animal, Before Breakfast, Dead Slow Hoot) and mastered by Tim Rowkins (Mura Masa, Maribou State, Two Door Cinema Club), this debut track brings together soaring vocals, shimmering guitar and vintage synth to create a chilled alternative-pop song perfect for the early summer.

The release has been brought forward in the hope to bring some happiness in these trying times with the video being filmed and edited during lockdown.



@elladesouza

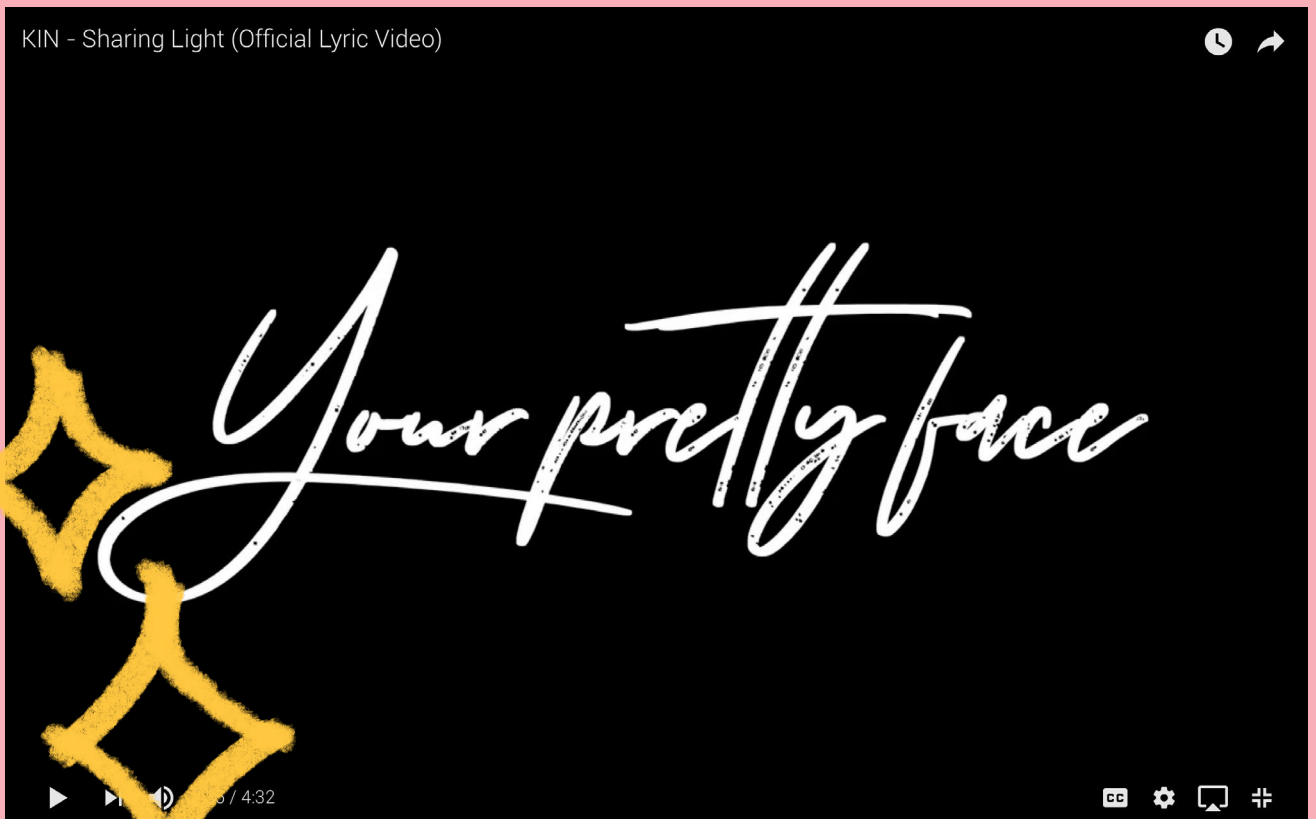




TAKE A CALL AND I LISTEN. A MIXED POINT BETWEEN TWO WORLDS AS I FADE. OOH OOH OOH OOH OOH OOH



"PRETENDING  
THERE'S NOTHING  
ELSE OUT THERE..."









MODELS: ALISSA & ENODIA | @UNDERCOVERVIE & @ENO.DIA



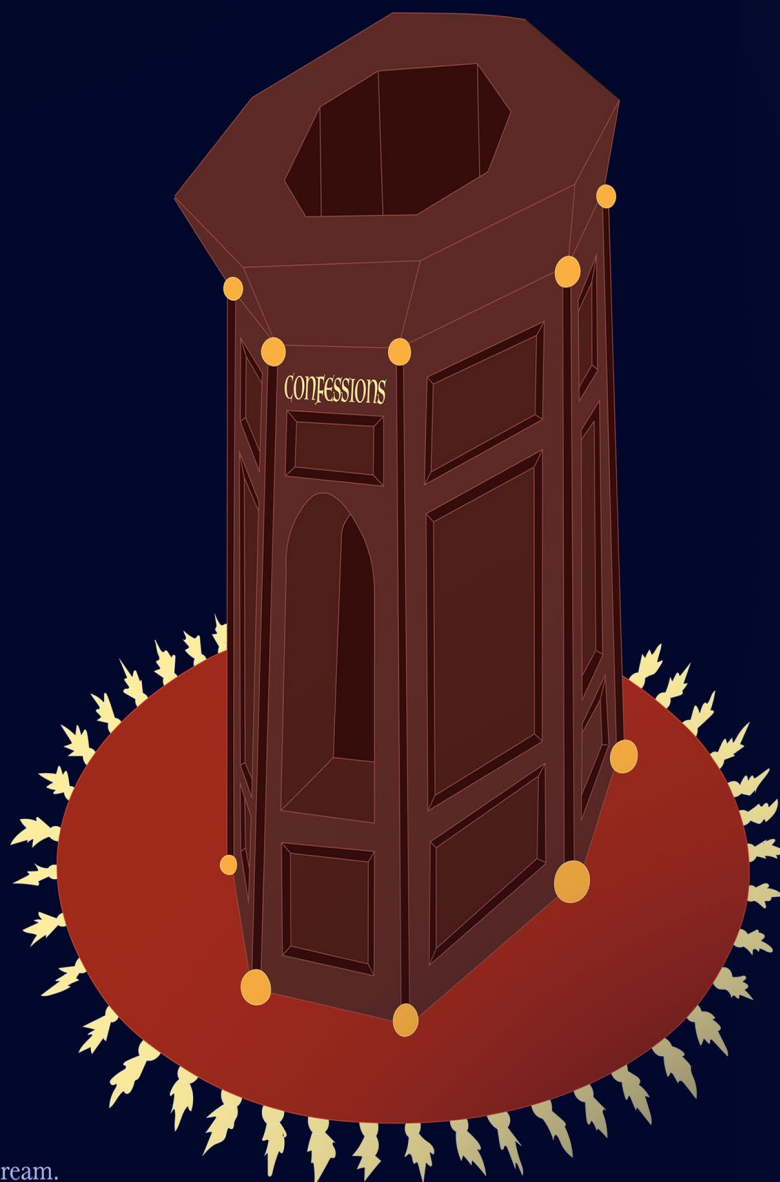


MODEL: EUGÈNE I @BLOODY\_KILLERRR





MODELS: DUSTIN & SANTA | @DUSTINMUCHUVITZ & @SANTAKKKK



This is a reoccurring dream.

I worked at a palace and the Queen of England was coming, so everyone was frantically tidying. I had to organise my area which was the confession stand. Although the palace was a typical English, palace, museum vibe, with a clear red carpet down the center of the room to guide the public to the reception area. It had suitcases and other random items that I had to rearrange neatly or hide completely. Once I was finished the Queen had arrived, but never came to my area. The public then started to arrive for an event and passed by the confession stand. One woman approached the confession stand, in my priest like white robes I knelt forward. The woman looked confused as I asked her what she would like to confess. I then realised she wanted guidance on where the event was taking place, and pointed her in the right direction. No one was interested in the confession stand so I went to help at the reception desk, where everyone had to be ticked off the guest list. I tried to make contact with each group that entered the room to get their name but they all avoided me making me frustrated.

I come to the pavement  
hungover, weary, and with eyes  
of snow  
the clearing is bathed in yellow  
but the patch beside the hooded  
headphones who's nodding, dis-  
is empty

there's no snow yet so I ferret in  
stop under the spire's shadow  
where the light bouncing off the  
my eyes  
I look up to sheer mortar force  
the vertical  
St. Paul's finger pointing skyward  
(a physical moral compass?)  
even the windows symmetrically  
the prick divides them like that

suddenly, the doors creak open

a man in a purple scarf skulks av

searching for signs

morning sun

man with clunky

antly

to the yard and

snow can't hurt

I

meet that way

ay and I get a

glimpse of the dark wooden scene within

shy, I turn back to the road and veer into the  
nodding man's patch with forced casual steps

looking at my footprints in the snow

miming checking the #13's schedule.

busy, polite, waiting

curious, furtive, I look back to the cathedral  
when it feels discreet

the backs of white heads glow in the darkness

the aisle is lined with those beacons, their light

growing fainter the deeper they are in the

wooden belly

a kaleidoscope climbing the far wall

interrupts the fading procession with

brilliant light

and I'm reminded again why they're there

music floats out to my little spot in the sun, high

and warbling in the air

I pause my own to listen

the road is loud but the notes are persistent

mixing with the snow in the air

swirling gently, a mosaic of lilting bulbs

Sunday 11:15  
At The Cathedral  
Bus Stop

at 10am the snow and wind  
howled

I pushed my plans back because  
of it and my hangover  
but then, the Sunday crowd

a voice

my friend waves from across the  
street, she's here and she's  
spotted the bus

I look and see the #13 trundle  
towards me around the other side  
of the courtyard

I turn back into the blinding sun  
dreams of another life forgotten  
as I thumb for my pass

letting the shadows dust my  
shoulders  
and the music fall to engine  
strains



SHE DOESN'T SLEEP AT NIGHT  
HER MOONS DON'T PROTECT HER  
THE ROOM UPSTAIRS PROJECTS UNWANTED PICTURES  
AND THEY DISTRACT HER

THE RED WAVES MOVE SLOWLY  
THEY FILL HER EARTHS SENDING SHIPS TO WAKE HER  
FROZEN AND WAITING WHIST HER CORE IS RAINING  
UNSTEADY, SHIPS START QUAKING

SHE DOESN'T SLEEP AT NIGHT  
HER MOONS DON'T PROTECT HER  
THE ROOM UPSTAIRS ROARS WITH LOUD EROSION  
AND THIS DISTURBS HER

W1H

## SLEEP PARALYSIS

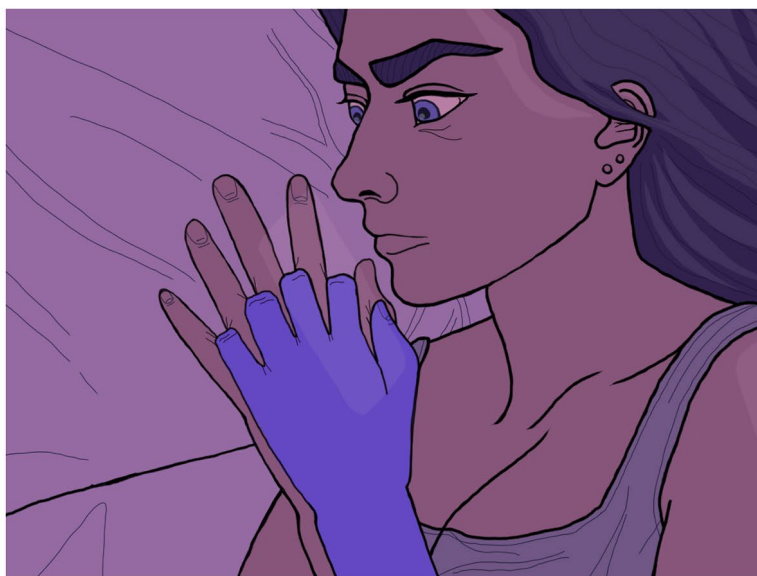
CATHERINE ROSE HELLER



WHEN I SLEEP, SOMETIMES MY MIND WAKES UP BEFORE MY BODY. I'LL EXPERIENCE SLEEP PARALYSIS.



I'M VISITED BY SOMEONE WHO GETS AS CLOSE TO ME AS THE SKIN IS TO MY BONES. I ALWAYS TRY TO LOOK BACK TO SEE WHO THEY ARE, BUT CAN NEVER MOVE.



I GET SCARED, BUT OFTEN WONDER, PERHAPS THEY'RE TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING THAT I AM CHOOSING NOT TO LISTEN TO.



@CATHERINE.HELLER.ART





# Choknanipok (Man of Flint)

is a mythological figure from the Algonquian people. He is the third brother of the cultural hero Manabozo. Chokanipok had a body as big as a mountain. He fought many battles with his brother Manabozho. Manabozho's arrows tore off pieces of Chokanipok's body, which fell to Earth as pieces of flint. When Manabozho finally conquered Chokanipok, pieces of the giant's body were scattered everywhere. This story explains why flint is so common in some parts of the country.

**JEREMYNATIVE.COM**



# BY THE SEA

P I T

K I N Z E R



# Renaissance Woman

ISABELLA THIELE

"Feeling like something is missing, even though you have everything you want. It's as if I've lost the pure, free feeling I felt when I was a kid, and sometimes it's easy to believe romantic love could fill in that gap."



Listen to Renaissance Woman's dreamy and ethereal track "Stranger in a Dream" now on Spotify or YouTube.





**\* Trigger warning: This piece contains subject matter related to abuse.**

He wrapped me in his lies  
Sheltering me from the truth  
As I begged to be set free  
He held on tighter  
Keeping me closer than ever before  
Whilst visiting my dreams  
He whipped the tears that fell ever so  
suddenly down my cheek  
Falling to the floor  
Formed an ocean of regretful events  
Chosen one by one by my trembling hands  
Letting each one take over his body  
Put out the fire in his heart that kept him  
alive  
Turning stone cold  
He lay motionless on the floor  
I awoke peacefully again





**@FRIJKECOUMANS**  
**Frijkecoumans.co.uk**

DRM  
RRS





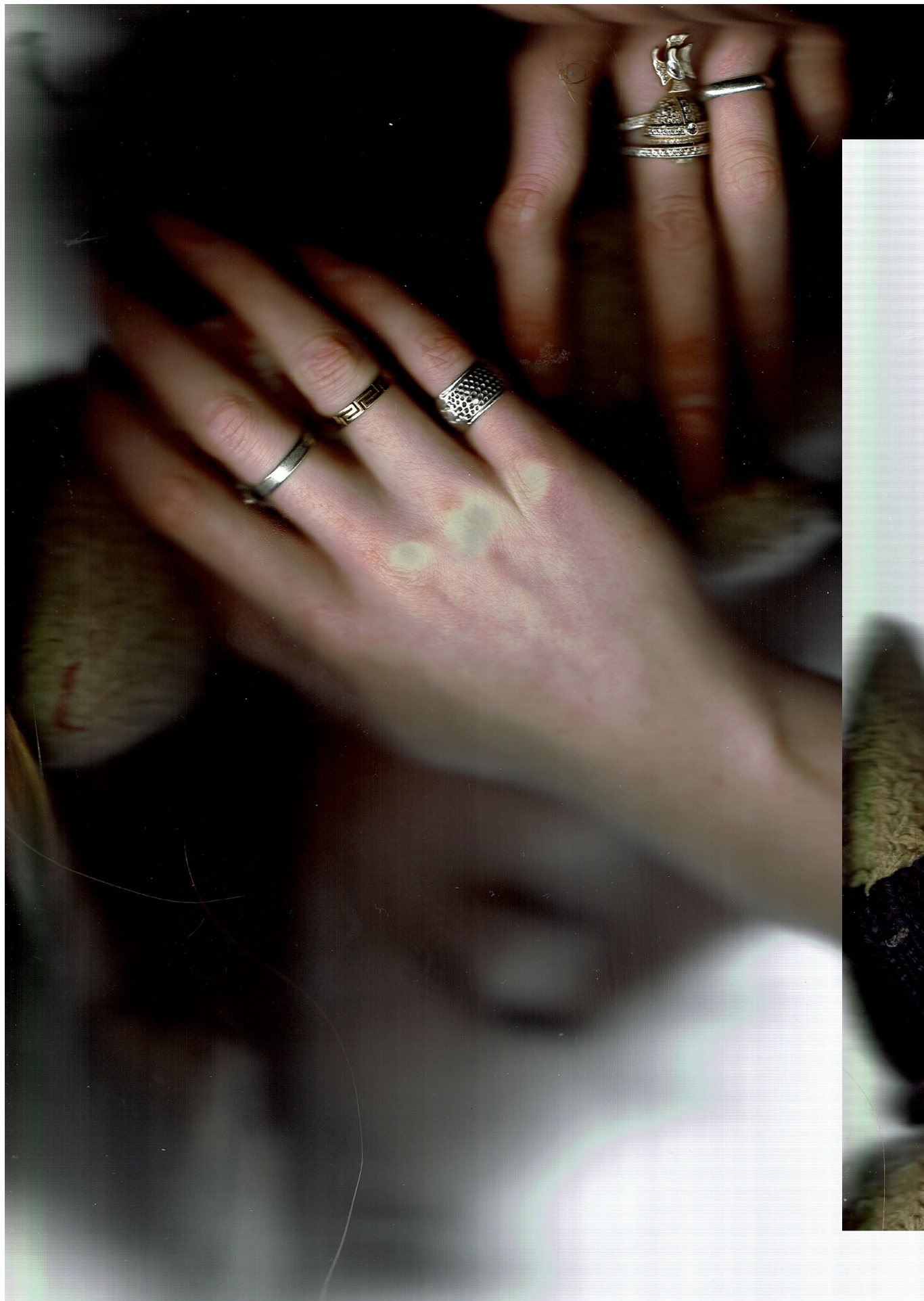


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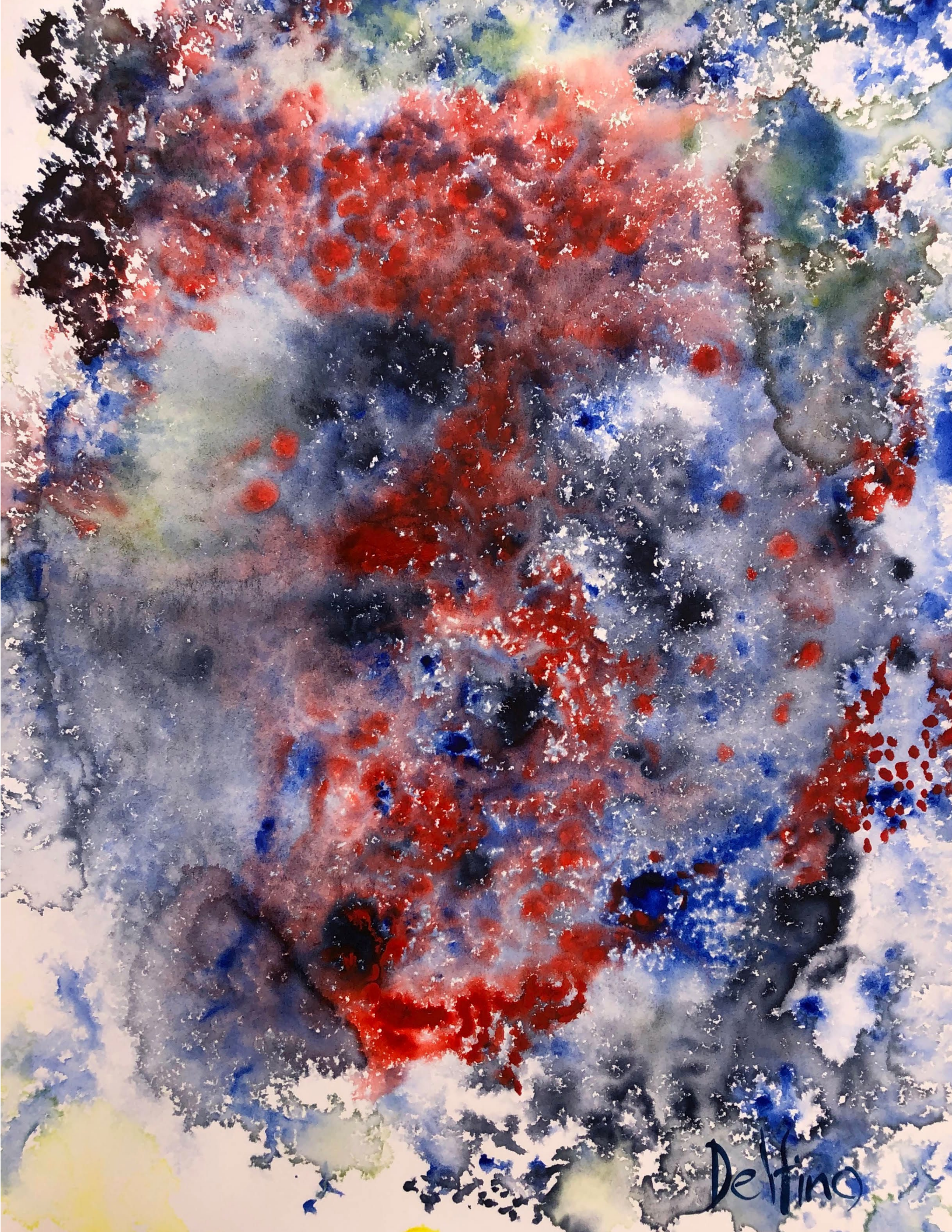
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Delfino

now's not the time: a short story

Pluto Swift

"Do you ever think we're just living in fantasy?" she asks, looking at me. Her complex brown eyes rest in her lightly freckled face. The glow of the bus stop reflects back at me in her eyes. Dreamy.

"Fantasy, yeah," I say with smug laughter. My youthful face curls a smile while I run my hand over the newly shaved fuzz on my head. I can't help but reference smutty humor at her question.

"You know what I mean," she nearly whispers. "I can't look at you. It feels like you know what I'm thinking." Her bashful glance shifts quickly away from my face and towards the ground.

I feel this sense of warmth in my belly in her presence. My skeleton yearns to escape the body my muscles hold back as I urge to kiss her, even just once. Now's not the time. "What can we do?" I mutter.

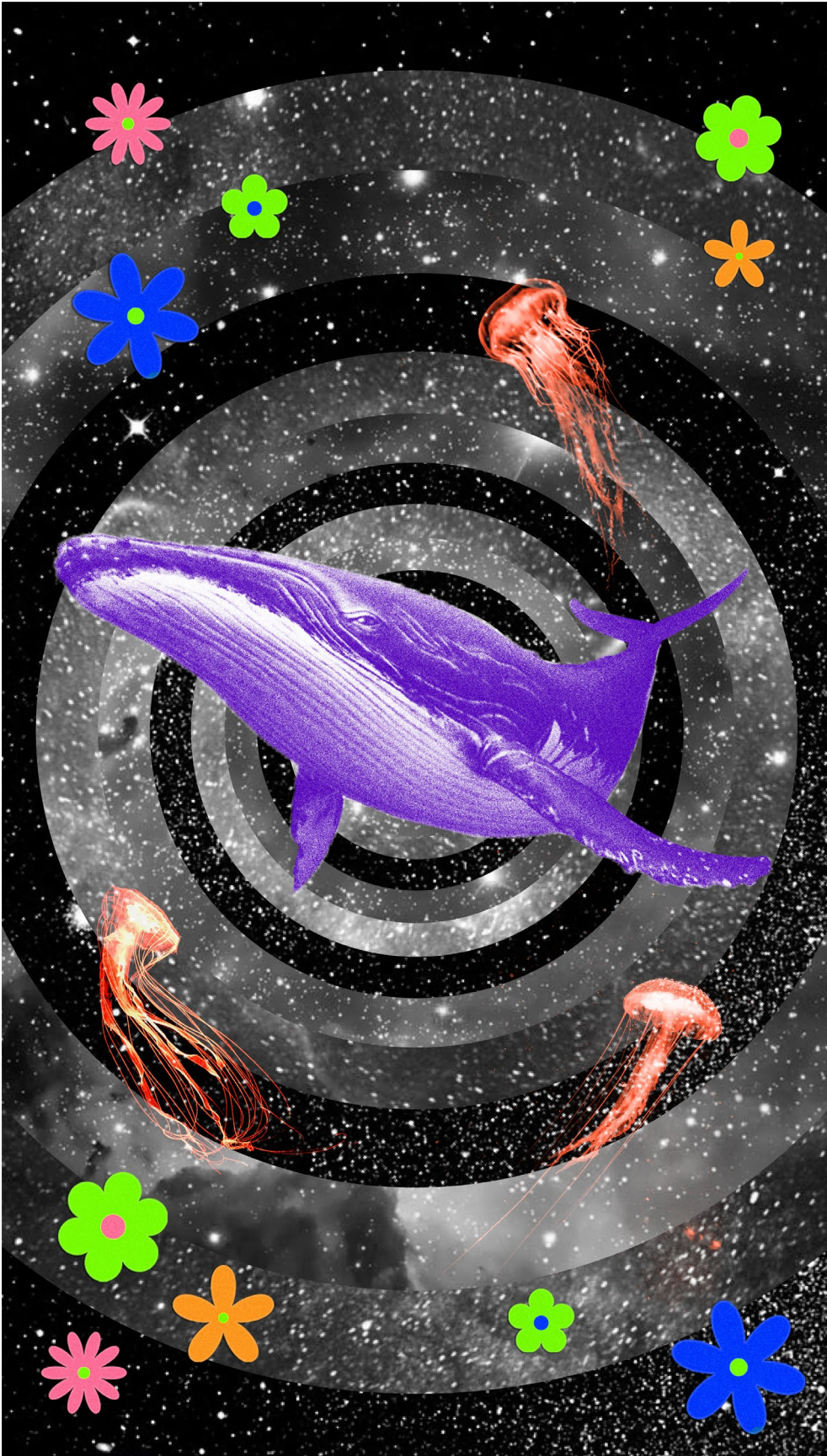
A sad sting of her voice, "this might be our last hurrah." The wet of the rain soaks our clothes, hair, and shoes as we stand jacketless away from the shelter of the bus stop. The time we have never feels like enough, but how can it? Now's not the time. The "I'll miss you," that barely escapes her lips is heart shattering, yet the treasure I needed to hear.

The last bus of the night comes before I can manage a proper goodbye. The scarcity of the time separates us as the bus vanishes into the night.

I'll miss her too.









WHEN I WAS  
YOUNG...SOMETIMES  
I WAS WORRIED IF  
PARWIGS WENT IN  
MY EAR...





DO THEY EAT MY BRAIN?  
LIKE...WHAT WOULD HAPPEN...?



URING TELLER

# Star Stuff

Fireworks burst in the sky and they  
sound like a heartbeat  
They sing me to sleep  
Fill my vision vividly,  
Come to me like memories

The Eiffel Tower,  
The man on the moon  
The woman in the sun  
Their embrace

Perhaps that's why I have trouble sleeping  
Because my body is on earth  
But my mind and heart are in the stars





# *midnight snack*

They go where they want to go  
Blistering in the Sahara to lapping the Nile  
Stow away passengers with no home  
Where do they come from  
With tiny hands that pick up nothing  
No grey wisdom or souvenirs for their loose grasp  
Gremlins they travel light,  
Just don't feed them after midnight  
This rule is hard fast but not in the reverse,  
Hell it's hit 2 am, but  
I've eaten them raw in their holiday suits.



MIAMI

# ANNIE TAYLOR



## SWEET MORTALITY



Upcoming debut album, "**Sweet Mortality**,"  
set for release September 4th, 2020



### ABOUT ANNIE TAYLOR:

Switzerland's Annie Taylor are back less than a year after the release of their debut EP 'Not Yours!' with their fuzzy yet acerbic debut album *Sweet Mortality*, out 4th September via Taxi Gauche.

**Pre-order [here](#).**

The band initially came into existence in 2017 releasing two singles 'Partner in Crime' and 'Wasted Youth', before taking themselves on a tour of Italy, France and Switzerland. It was while settling down to record their debut EP 'Not Yours!' that the core members vocalist and guitarist Gini Jungi and bassist Michael Mutter brought on board the guitar of Tobias Arn and drums of Jan Winkler.

The addition of the two new members shifted the band's sound away from the rock-tinged pop of their early releases, instead drenching it in a heavier psychedelic wash, gaining the band



A photograph of a car driving away on a two-lane road that stretches into a dense forest. The trees are tall and thin, with some bare branches and some evergreens. The lighting is soft, suggesting a late afternoon or early morning setting. The car is a dark color, and its taillights are visible.

# annie taylor

a  
thousand  
times



**WATCH VIDEO  
NOW!**

**TELEPHONE**

**SLEEPWALKING**

comparisons to Warpaint or early Hole, and catching the ears of The 405, Soundblab and For The Rabbits. Released via Taxi Gauche Records, 'Not Yours!' also featured artwork created by Dominic Foster, also known for his work with The Coral.

The band decided to hole themselves up in DALA Studios for Sweet Mortality, with David Langhard (producer of psychedelic titans Klaus Johann Grobe) at the helm for the sessions. What came out of it is a record that perfectly encapsulates the band's self description as "grunge psychedelic-rock", whilst expanding the band's sound into other territories. 'A Thousand Times' is both dreamy and biting, switching on a knife edge, whilst 'Drive' has a wild, galloping pace, with Mutter's fuzzed-out bass allowing the dual guitars of Jungi and Arn to let loose. Every time it looks like a song is about to go over the brink into full wig-out, the band's restless and sharp songwriting sensibilities cut through. It's a record as seeped in pop as it is in psychedelia, and ends up at a beautiful mid-point.







**NEW RELEASE DATE**

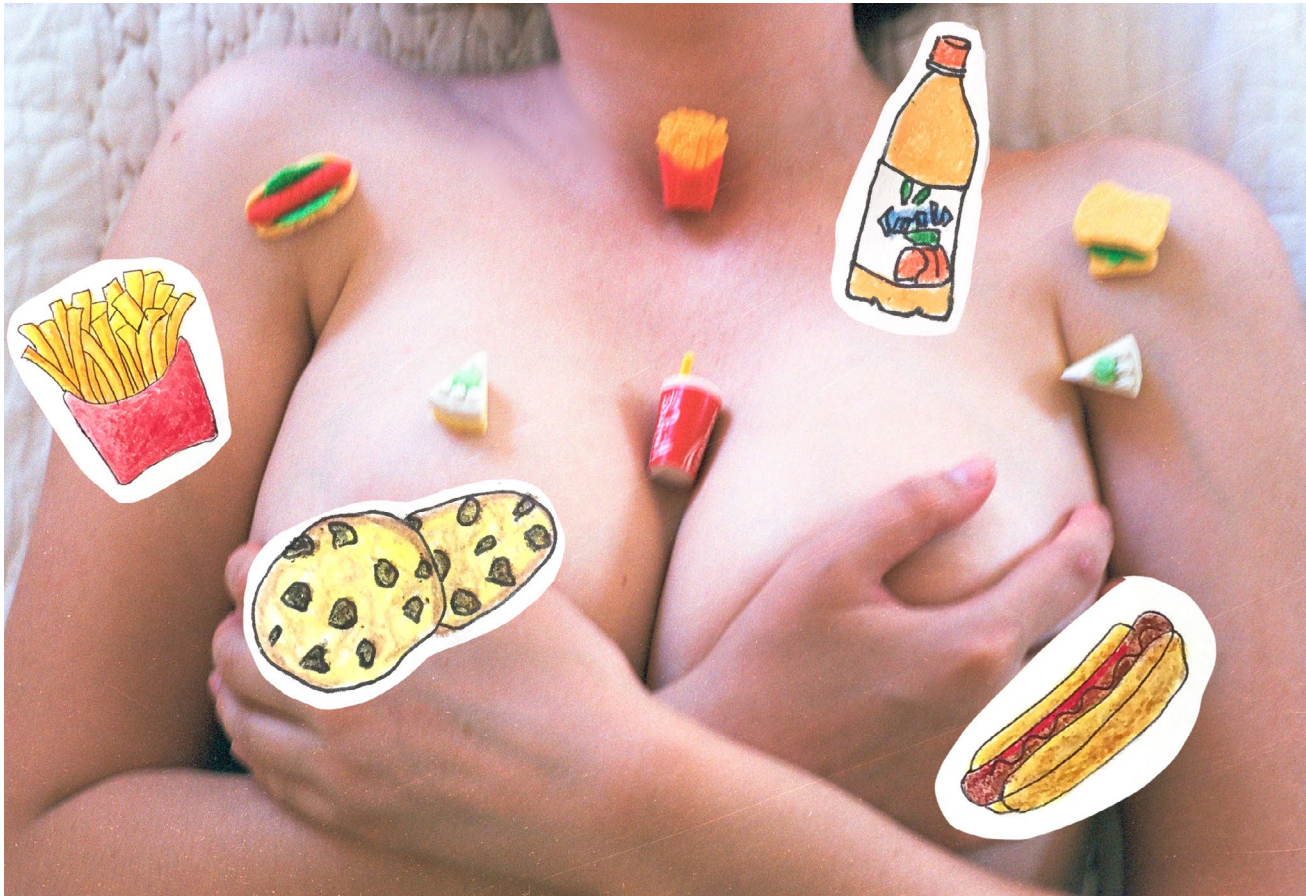


**04.09.20**

The band also are reuniting with Dominic Foster again for their artwork, continuing a drive to work with incredible artists that has seen them partner with Kevin Högger, Bastien Bron, and David Langhard.

Sweet Mortality is an exciting step forward from Annie Taylor, a record that not only shores up their confident sound, but also explores it further. With previous live dates alongside L.A.WITCH, Sunflower Bean, Sugar Candy Mountain and FEWS already under their belts as well, the band are already a potent live force. **[Pre-order the album here.](#)**



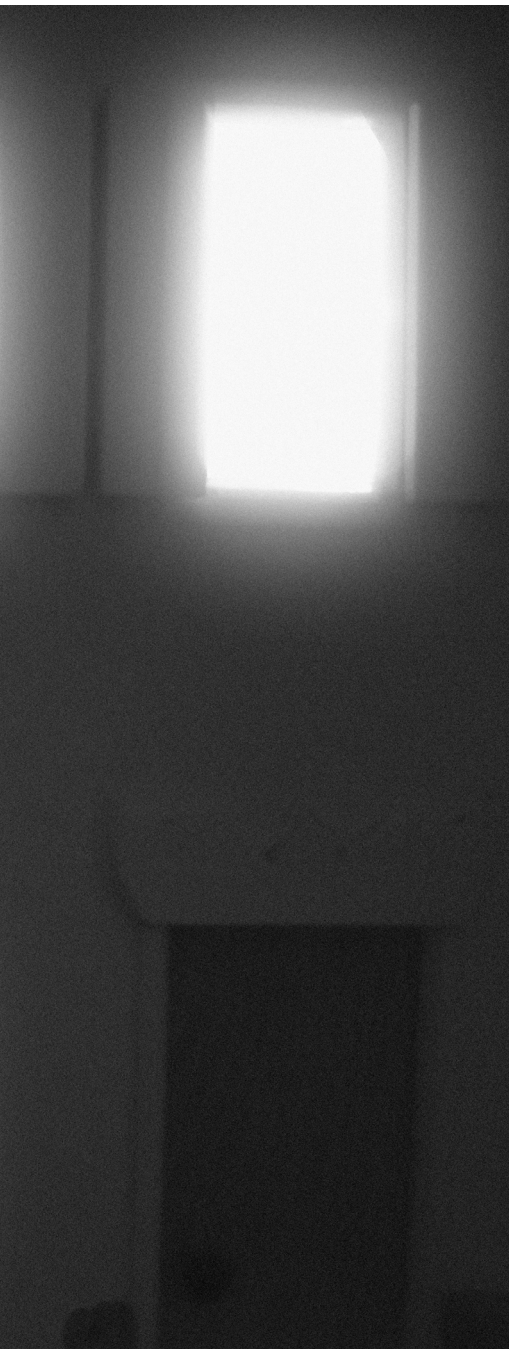








A piece about dreaming up the past.



# EQUAL

I love you quietly, yet fiercely:

Words can't express my love for you  
I show you through my touch  
I kiss the corners, give you a rush  
I know exactly what you need.

Each time you speak, I feel so free  
I dance when you say you love me.  
Spell it out, one more time  
And I'll do the same for you.

I give you a touch  
It leaves a rush  
It's how you know I care.

You say your love  
It builds me up  
Words are just the same.

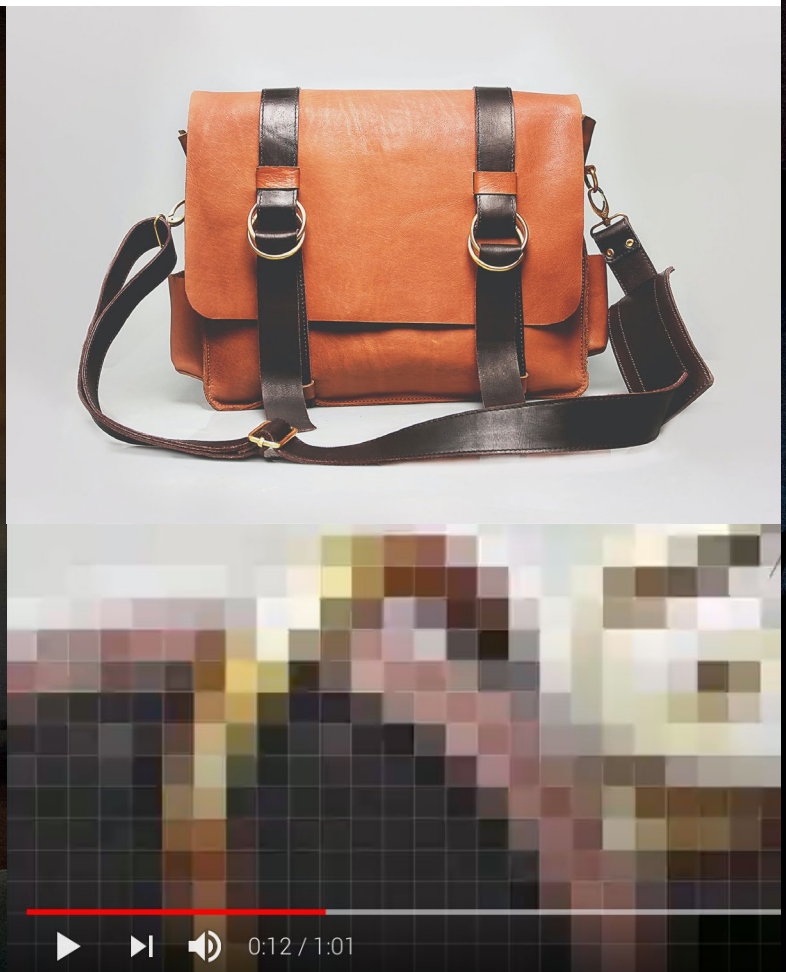
You show me love  
I give you love  
You feel exactly what I do.

We move in synch, no need for greed  
When we both give each other what we need.

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# FALLING TERMINAL

- & PROCESS VIDEO -





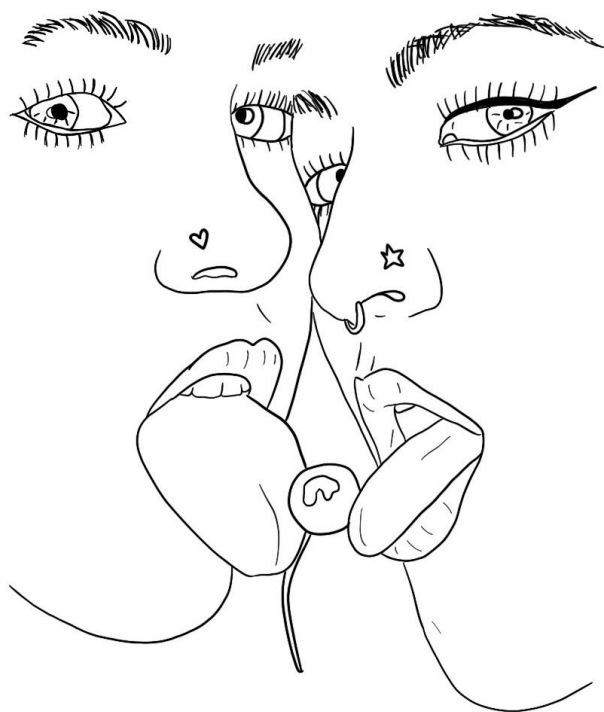
"Somewhere between inevitability and incomprehension. A piece defined by an impromptu concept and a lackadaisical workflow. Piece made using only images from pexels.com (creative commons)."





I created this collage in my quarantine with old porn magazines and words exchanged with a lover that I'm unable to see right now due to the pandemic. I miss her a lot, and I'm using art to work through all these feelings of separation, frustration, and loneliness. My heart goes out to all those separated from loved ones right now.

REMYMSMITH.COM



@letmepokeu

***Lollipop Fantasy* is an illustration by NYC based artist: Leeza Lakhter.**

**This piece has a presentational sexual dynamic between two people, which begs the question, who is this fantasy really for?**



*Cemetery*



*Flowers*

# Crusade

I'll give you a sword  
Forged of the finest iron,  
Tempered in the soul of the flame,  
Sharp enough to cut a voice,  
And gleaming with potential.  
Tears will fall upon its terrible beauty  
As you wield it in The Garden,  
They will whisper your name  
As you slice their tainted doctrine  
And drain the man-made poison  
From their holy spring.



ALWAYS A PLUS ONE

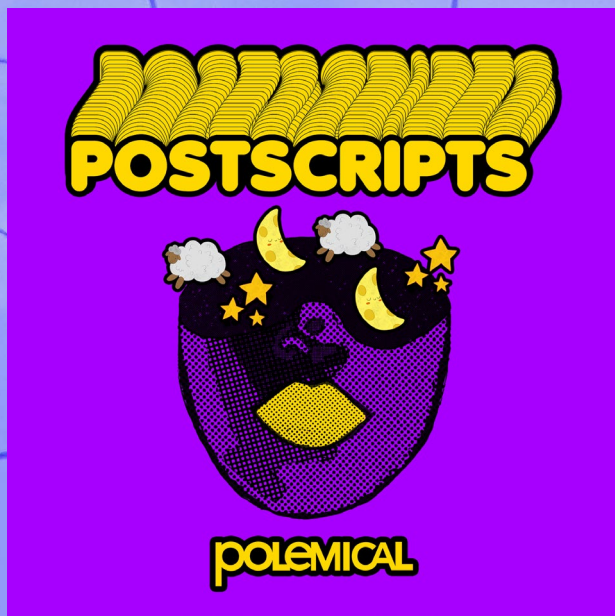


FOR THE TIME









# LAST ISSUE



## PODCAST



@POLEMICAL

# ZINE

@POLEMICAL

# ZINE

# PZINE - ISSUE 13 CONTRIBUTORS:

ADAM IBRAHIM  
ADDIE ELIZABETH  
ADETO KUNBO  
AIMÉE MCCALLUM  
ALEXANDRA MOODY  
ALISSA  
ALLY GODSIL  
ANDREA VALDIVIA  
ANNIE TAYLOR  
ASHLEY PERSAUD  
ASTRID MACDOUGALL  
BEULAH EZEUGO  
BEX SAUNDERS

BRETT CAMERON  
BRIAN MICHAEL BARBEITO  
CADENCE PLENCE  
CALEB STAPLES  
CANDY PORCELAIN  
CATHERINE ROSE HELLER  
CÉLIA BLUM  
CIÉRA CREE  
CODY CUPMAN  
COLLAGE THE WORLD  
COURTNEY  
CRYSTAL HOLMES  
D.N. LIFTON  
DAISY RILEY  
DINA BAXEVANAKIS  
DUSTIN  
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ELLA FIELDS  
ELLIE DAY  
EMMA HIGGINS  
ENODIA  
EUGÈNE  
FAITH MONTAGNINO  
FRIJKE COUMANS  
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LAYAN DAJANI  
LEEZA LAKHTER  
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MADDY ABDELLA  
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MATT DE MELO  
MEGHAN LEVAUGHN  
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MILK AND HONEY  
NATVIPA TEJAPAIBUL  
NAULIA  
NAZ NAHIDI  
NOAH HUMPHREY  
PHI NGUYEN  
PIT KINZER  
PLUTO SWIFT  
REBECCA MCDONALD  
REBECCA MCLAREN  
REMY SMITH  
RENAISSANCE WOMAN  
RESPLENDENCE  
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WITCH IN HIDING  
THANK YOU ALL!



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